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"Go deep enough there is music everywhere."—Carlyle.



A Musical Magazine for Everybody.

VOL. II. No. 13.

OCTOBER, 1894.

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Offices of "THE MINIM," 84 Newgate Street, London, E.C.,

AND OF MUSIC SELLERS.



"Go deep enough there is music everywhere."—*Carlyle.*

The Minim,

A MUSICAL MAGAZINE FOR EVERYBODY.

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(ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.)

Vol. II. No. 13.

OCTOBER, 1894.

Price, One Penny.
By Post, 1½d.



MISS JANOTHA.

From a Photograph by H. S. Mendelssohn, Pembroke Crescent, London, W.

MISS JANOTHA.

Miss Janotha is an artist of what is fast becoming, alas! a rare type. Not only is she a great executant, gifted with special and extraordinary individuality, but she has the highest ideals as to her mission, and she has the strength of will and determination to carry it out. Music is to her something spiritual, something undefinably unworldly, something almost sacred. It is not to be regarded as a mere source of income; it is a gift from God to be used with becoming reverence and for becoming purposes. "Genius," says Miss Janotha, "is of two kinds, one proceeding from Heaven, like Jenny Lind, the other from the Powers of Darkness. Judging from what one sees, a good deal of the genius exhibited in the world is not derived from the former source."

Miss Janotha has to thank the Hoch-schule at Berlin for her early training. There, under special care of Joachim (the director), Herr Rudorff guided her early steps and taught the young idea how to shoot, or we should say play the pianoforte, while Bargiel gave her lessons in composition. Later, after two winters in the Hoch-schule, the youthful Natalie Janotha took up her residence near Madame Schumann, where she remained until her triumphal career was practically accomplished, a career the success of which perhaps was only anticipated by a few of the gifted child's hearers at her first appearance at Warsaw at the age of 9, or even at her first appearance in Berlin, when Von Moltke handed the child genius, in her child's blue sash, from the platform (his left hand hurriedly gathering helmet, gloves, and a big red pocket-handkerchief into his military coat). On this momentous occasion she played Mendelssohn's Fantasia in F sharp minor, with the favourite "Spinnlied" as an encore.

Miss Janotha's favourite composers are all that

are great, noble, and breathing the atmosphere of heaven, but perhaps especially Beethoven, Bach, Brahms (the great and busy Bees), Chopin and Schumann.

A great sorrow befel Miss Janotha only a few weeks ago; the death of the Princess Marcelline Czartoryska, Chopin's best surviving pupil, with whom Miss Janotha had often stayed for months at a time, and to whom she regards herself as much indebted for light as to how Chopin really should be played. She, too, gave her many of Chopin's manuscripts, with his own fingering and phrasing marks, and in many other ways was a friend whose good offices will be always kindly remembered.

Miss Janotha's love and reverence for Madame Schumann, whose first pupil who appeared in public she was, is unbounded. "She is a saint," she enthusiastically exclaims; "she is my ideal of nobility and greatness in all respects. She teaches by example as well as by precept, and wherever you find a good pupil of hers you *will* discover a genuine artist: too conscientious to be assuming, too sincere to make pretence. May her years long be full of happiness and joy!"

Miss Janotha is not only a great pianist, she is also an admirable composer. Who does not know her Gavotte in E minor, or her "Mountain Scenes" for pianoforte? The "Ave Maria," too, just published by Messrs. Ascherberg, is another gem; and all our readers to whom Miss Janotha's works are not familiar should at once make their acquaintance.

Miss Janotha is Court Pianist to H.I.M. the Emperor of Germany; she has the highest diploma of St. Cecilia Royal Academy in Rome, and has the honour of Victoria Badge from our gracious Queen.

— * * * * *

HOW TO MAKE CHORAL SOCIETIES PAY.

It is a common and much to be lamented fact that the numerous choral societies which are scattered through the length and breadth of our land hardly cover their expenses from year to year, and in the majority of cases at least would not even do this were it not for the gratuitous labour of its honorary officers. It is frequently remarked that the only persons who monetarily benefit by the choral concerts given in our country towns are the printers and hall proprietors and the professionals

engaged in the performances. The hardworking conductor, who has given up night after night regularly every week for months, and has had to spend hours besides in the organisation of the concerts, has to content himself with such honour and glory as may accrue to him from the performance, and such distinction as may be meted out to him by the patronising local critics; none of whom, probably, have either the requisite knowledge, tact, or ability to accomplish a tithe of what has been

done, and who think it the correct thing to find a little fault somehow in order to save their reputation.

The conductor, in short, has to take the leavings, financially, while practically sustaining the whole of the burden musically, and not rarely has even to bear any loss, if such there be. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that good musicians are becoming less and less inclined to burden themselves with the responsibilities connected with choral societies, since neither profit, pleasure, satisfaction, fame or fortune are to be gained; and considering what England as a musical nation owes to choral societies for the present position of the art, it becomes a serious question what is to happen if the prevalent condition of things is allowed to continue.

Somebody once said that every difficulty is in the long run a financial one; and this is especially true of choral societies. The fact of the matter is that the public as a whole have not been educated up to the point of adequately supporting them. They are *being* educated up to it, it is true, by degrees, and, on the whole, at the expense of a few who spend time and money in order to do it. If really good performances could be frequently given without cost, this educating policy would of course be much more rapid; but, as it is, either the present unsatisfactory condition of things must continue or the societies must die a natural death. The problem is how to continue the educating process without involving the latter contingencies.

As choral societies are so numerous all over the country, it is evident that some one derives pleasure and profit from their existence, and these are the people to whom one naturally looks for adequate support. Unfortunately, however, these at present form a very inconsiderable proportion of the population, and of these even many are by no means affluent. Though the natural supporters of a choral society are the members themselves, whether active or honorary, though they must be made to sustain the financial responsibility, and to feel it in theory, yet in practice it will be found extremely difficult if not impossible to make it realised. The only way in which it can be brought home would be by an extension of the system of guarantee, both members (performing or honorary) and outside guarantors making themselves responsible for a certain amount in addition to their ordinary subscriptions, for which in return they might have an equivalent to the same amount in tickets, which they could either sell, handing in the proceeds, or give away. This would shift the financial burden on to the members' shoulders and help to create a sympathetic and appreciative audience. Experience shows that the outside public will only attend the concerts in very scanty numbers, unless there is

strong curiosity excited or personal interests are brought into action.

So much for increasing the income—the positive aspect of the case. But there is another way of making money: that of saving it. Of course if we can at a given moment see an opportunity of increasing our income and reducing our expenditure simultaneously, so much the better, and our path to affluence is easy. Rarely, however, does it happen that both these factors are in operation at once. Increased income often means increased expenditure, which follows sometimes, alas! in even greater proportions than is warranted prudent or safe. In many instances, however, all the possibilities in the way of increasing the income have been exhausted, and the only way to make both ends meet is to reduce working expenses.

In the case of the majority of choral societies, a large proportion of the expenditure is incurred in connection with the professional help engaged to assist at the concerts, and those concerned may well deliberate as to how far the large disbursements in this direction are warranted by increased receipts. In many cases it will be found that amateur soloists and a small band, or none at all, will attract just as large (or so nearly as large as to practically make no difference) audiences as third or fourth-rate professional singers and a scratch orchestra composed of a few professionals and a good many amateurs. It certainly sounds very fine to announce "Band and Chorus of Two Hundred," "Full Orchestra," or, as the writer once saw, "Full Organ and Chorus;" and, if the performers are all up to the mark and the financial results satisfactory, nothing can be more gratifying in, say, a town of five to ten thousand inhabitants. Artistically, however, it is to be feared many of these choral concerts are by no means up to the mark so far as the orchestra is concerned, expensive though it be. It would be far better, from an artistic point of view, to have one really competent artist at a keyboard instrument at a sufficient fee, vastly more economical, and, in the majority of cases, practically equally attractive.

Summed up in a few words then, our advice to the responsible officials of choral societies is as follows:—

- 1.—Decide upon a certain sum as the maximum expenditure for the season. Then obtain guarantors for the necessary amount beyond that of the ordinary members' subscriptions.

- 2.—Reduce expenditure, if necessary, in the ranks of the band, preferring good key-board performers and able amateurs (visitors, if necessary, to avoid local jealousy) to take the place of third-rate professionals who take fees and do not attract.

CONDUCTOR.

Responses to the Commandments.

After Nos. 1, 2, 3.

$\text{♩} = 88$

H. C. Young, B.A., Cantab.

TREBLE *p* Lord, have mer-cy up-on..... us, and in-cline our hearts to keep this law.

ALTO *p* Lord, have mer-cy up-on..... us, and in-cline our hearts to keep this law.

TENOR *p* Lord, have mer-cy up-on..... us, and in-cline our hearts to keep this law.

BASS *p* Lord, have mer-cy up-on..... us, and in-cline our hearts to keep this law.

ORGAN *p* *cres.* *e* *dim.*

Man. *Ped.*

After Nos. 4, 5, 6.

p Lord, have mer-cy up-on..... us, and in-cline our hearts to keep this law.

p Lord, have mer-cy up-on..... us, and in-cline our hearts to keep this law.

mf Lord, have mer-cy up-on..... us, and in-cline our hearts to keep this law.

p Lord, have mer-cy up-on..... us, and in-cline our hearts to keep this law.

p *cres.* *e* *dim.*

Man. *Ped.*

After Nos. 7, 8, 9.

VOICES
IN
UNISON

mp Lord, have mer-cy up-on..... us, and in-cline our hearts to keep this law.

Full Sw. *cres.*

Ped. ad lib.

After No. 10.

p Lord, have mer-cy up-on..... us, and write all these Thy laws in our hearts, we be-seech... Thee. *p rall. pp*

cres.

p Lord, have mer-cy up-on..... us, and write all these Thy laws in our hearts, we be-seech... Thee. *p rall. pp*

cres.

p Lord, have mer-cy up-on..... us, and write all these Thy laws in our hearts, we be-seech... Thee. *p rall. pp*

cres.

p Lord, have mer-cy up-on..... us, and write all these Thy laws in our hearts, we be-seech... Thee. *p rall. pp*

cres. *smorz.* *rall. pp*

Man. *Ped.*

THE foregoing setting of the Responses to the Commandments has won the prize offered in our August Number. We shall shortly have separate copies on sale, price 2d. each, and shall be able to execute orders, which should be addressed to us at 84 Newgate Street, without delay.

Responses to the Commandments.

After Nos. 1, 2, 3.

♩ = 88

H. C. Young, B.A. Cantab.

TREBLE *p* Lord, have mer-cy up-on..... us, and in-cline our hearts to keep this law.

ALTO *p* Lord, have mer-cy up-on..... us, and in-cline our hearts to keep this law.

TENOR *p* Lord, have mer-cy up-on..... us, and in-cline our hearts to keep this law.

BASS *p* Lord, have mer-cy up-on..... us, and in-cline our hearts to keep this law.

ORGAN *p* *cres.* *e* *dim.*

Man. *Ped.*

After Nos. 4, 5, 6.

p Lord, have mer-cy up-on..... us, and in-cline our hearts to keep this law.

p Lord, have mer-cy up-on..... us, and in-cline our hearts to keep this law.

mf Lord, have mer-cy up-on..... us, and in-cline our hearts to keep this law.

p Lord, have mer-cy up-on..... us, and in-cline our hearts to keep this law.

p *cres.* *e* *dim.*

Man. *Ped.*

After Nos. 7, 8, 9.

VOICES
IN
UNISON

mp Lord, have mer-cy up-on..... us, and in-cline our hearts to keep this law.

Full Sw. *cres.*

Ped. ad lib.

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cres.

p Lord, have mer-cy up-on..... us, and write all these Thy laws in our hearts, we be-seech... Thee. *p rall. pp*

cres.

p Lord, have mer-cy up-on..... us, and write all these Thy laws in our hearts, we be-seech... Thee. *p rall. pp*

cres.

p Lord, have mer-cy up-on..... us, and write all these Thy laws in our hearts, we be-seech... Thee. *p rall. pp*

p *cres.* *smors.* *rall. pp*

Man. *Ped.*

THE foregoing setting of the Responses to the Commandments has won the prize offered in our August Number. We shall shortly have separate copies on sale, price 2d. each, and shall be able to execute orders, which should be addressed to us at 84 Newgate Street, without delay.

HERR HERMAN VAN DYK.



Herr Herman van Dyk, whose photograph we publish this month, is a native of the Netherlands, having been born in Leeuwarden on Dec. 17th, 1865. He received lessons on the pianoforte from his ninth year, and soon after was taught the organ and violin, studying Richter's "Harmony" himself at the same time, and, although he was only intended to practise music as an accomplishment—his parents being much averse to him taking up music as a profession—still, his love for the art was soon discovered by the boy walking several miles on Sunday mornings to play the organ in neighbouring villages. When seventeen, in 1883, he at last persuaded his parents to allow him to study music at Amsterdam, under Mr. Franz Coenen, where he stayed one year, and from whence he went to the Leipzig Conservatorium to devote himself there, under Reinecke, Jadassohn and others, to serious studies until 1887. As a mark of success one of his already numerous compositions, a Quintet for piano and string instruments, was performed at a soirée at this celebrated musical institution.

After returning to Holland, the young composer wrote a Concert-Overture for the celebration of the jubilee of Kapelm-Stoetz of his native town, leading the rehearsals and conducting the performance

himself; a work which also has been heard in Halifax with great success, besides a Symphony in G minor.

On an invitation of his relatives in London, he visited the English shores for the first time in December of the same year, 1887; not at first, however, thinking of making England his abode. He stayed in London until 1891, where he has been connected with several schools, giving also private tuition; whilst his spare time was devoted to his favourite occupation, viz., composition. In London he composed a dramatic Symphony on the subject of Goethe's "Faust." This work made its *débüt* in Utrecht (Holland) in November, 1890, for which occasion the composer was invited to conduct his Symphony, receiving a most enthusiastic ovation from both the band and the audience. It was reproduced in London by the Tavistock Orchestral Society under Mr. Althaus, and it is now under consideration for performance at the next series of Grand Saturday Concerts at the Crystal Palace. Not to mention small works, Herr van Dyk also composed "De Tooverklokjes" (The enchanting bells), a Children's Cantata on Dutch words, printed in Holland, and a "Poëm Dramatique" for orchestra.

Leaving London for Halifax, Yorkshire, in 1891, Mr. van Dyk has since devoted himself to the musical welfare of that town, and has principally distinguished himself by his chamber-concerts, which are all of a high-class character. Here, too, he has frequently proved himself an efficient pianist, playing in trios, etc., by both classical and modern masters and such solo-pieces as Schumann's "Carnaval" and others, whilst also his wife, who is herself an excellent pianist, takes an active part in these engagements. Lately Herr van Dyk has written music to three of David's Psalms for Church use, of which Psalms xxiii and cxxi have often been heard; whilst the Black Dyke brass band have at present amongst their repertoire a "Festival Overture" from his pen. A work of much larger compass, however, is found in his composition of a dramatic cantata for soli, chorus and orchestra on Josquin's words of "The Blind Girl of Castèl Cuillé," translated into English by Longfellow; and at present the talented composer is at work at an opera bearing the title of "The Count of Rousillon," after Shakespeare's "All's well that ends well," the composer being his own librettist.

Herr van Dyk has also been invited by the Literary and Philosophical Society, Halifax, to deliver a lecture on Jan. 22nd, 1895, his subject being: "Wagner and Wagnerism."

CO-OPERATIVE COMPOSERS.

The fair, and the brave who deserve the fair, and all readers of "The Minim," of whatever sex or station, will not, I trust, be unnerved by the title placed at the head of this contribution to our columns. It is neither intended to show how the shopkeeper and middleman may be superseded, society turned topsy-turvy, or the individual musical composer deprived of the reward due to genius and industry.

The tale I tell is a plain and unvarnished one, recording the experiences of four individual musicians who formed a quartet for the purpose of producing musical compositions which would shew a combination of "all the talents," and drive the single-handed composer entirely out of the field. They had heard of the astonishing success of the Rochdale Pioneers, the Civil Service, and numberless co-operative societies, in providing, with advantage, the necessities of life, and of the plans of the various syndicates for enabling people to acquire riches without effort, so they were determined to try what might be done to advance the cause of music, and popularise it among the masses.

They were all enthusiasts themselves, and had a strong belief that a musical syndicate was a necessity of the times, and, if established, would accomplish results never before heard of. Their local habitation was "tar from the madding crowd," and the name they decided to be known by in the world was "The Co-operative Society to provide Music for the Million." They met in secret conclave, decided upon their plans, and resolved that no time should be lost in beginning the crusade against individualism. A generous and appreciative public would no sooner hear of their superlative compositions, they argued, than crowds would rush to purchase their publications, which they were confident would ravish the ears of all listeners, and possess the exhilarating strains found in "Jack's Alive," as well as the soothing, solemn sounds of the "Dead March."

A revival of the enthusiasm consequent on the mission of Hullah, Mainzer, and the "Musical Times" would be the result of their labours, and their names in the musical world would become as familiar as household words.

To each member was assigned such parts and duties as he best felt able to undertake, and they were certain that success would be commensurate

with their high and enlarged ideal, seeing not the weak link in their chain of argument.

Their project included the publication of all kinds of musical compositions, from the simple exercise to the elaborate sonata, the hymn tune and oratorio, the rigid canon and the complex fugue. They had even grave thoughts of opening a training college for conductors, and establishing a new school of orchestration. Before, however, carrying out their plans, they considered that it would be well, as the society consisted of the famous number four, that a quartet should be their first essay. To each member was assigned a separate movement for treatment, and when these were completed they met together to compare notes. The musical blend seemed admirable and completely satisfied these co-operators; but, before publication of this unique "mixture," it was resolved to consult the oracle of the Muse of the melodious "Minim," to whom, in a fit of ecstasy and generosity, they would offer the copyright.

A glorious vista was opened before them. The path to fame seemed sure. Extracts from the quartet would appear in the next issue of "The Minim," and increase its circulation four-fold. The new method would be pronounced to be excellent, and the fortunes of the projectors would be made.

Sad to say, it is my duty as a faithful storyteller to add that bitter disappointment filled their cup when they heard of the reception which their improved method had experienced, for, alas! it had shared the fate of the Rejected Addresses.

The liberal offering to "The Minim" had not been accepted because the composition was not up to their standard, and they were grieved to learn that their "new model" contained dire discords, mis-directed movements, uncouth phrases and disconnected periods.

The sad intelligence damped their spirits, well-nigh quenched the genial flame which had burnt in their bosoms, so with sad hearts the society was dissolved, and it was resolved that no further musical attempts should be made as co-operative composers until such times as it was certain that an individual's estimation of his own powers would be duly recognised by the world at large. True it is that the strength of argument, like that of an apparently strong chain, is dependent on its weakest link.

— * * * * *

Few people can stand prosperity, but they are legion compared with the people who never have a chance to stand it.

It is said that a play is to be performed in New York and heard in a London theatre through the telephone, and seen through the kinetoscope.

RESULT OF PRIZE COMPETITION.—No. 6.

Some excellent compositions were sent in, and adjudication was by no means an easy matter. We select for special mention the Kyries bearing the mottos "Consecutive fifths," "Mi contra fa," "Temple Church" and "Chapel Royal." These were only rejected for minor points. One had the voice parts written very low, and contained a progression dangerously like a false relation, and then had the final phrase after the pause wrongly barred and set out, and two others had a rather too florid organ accompaniment for the purpose we had in view of providing an interesting yet thoroughly doable Kyrie, suitable even for village churches. Another batch to which we assign the second order of merit were "S. Paul's Cathedral," "S. Paul's," "Pro Deo et Ecclesia," "Westminster Abbey," "Perseverance" and "Toujours gai." Most of these contained technical errors in otherwise meritorious compositions; others were not well laid out in the organ part. At least three of these would have thoroughly deserved the prize so far as treatment, melody and devotional style were concerned—"S. Paul's Cathedral," "Pro Deo et Ecclesia" and "Perseverance"—but each contained bad consecutive fifths.

Besides the above we have received a large number of compositions of more than average merit, as well as not a few below, and we regret that all our worthy competitors cannot each have some return for their trouble. "They which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize."

Not a few competitors came to grief in the setting where the treble part was to be transposed to the tenor. Even where correctly treated (and every student knows it is much more difficult to add parts to a given *inner* melody than to an extreme part) often the parts were so laid out as to be ineffective, a common fault being that the bass was far too low.

After much consideration and many comparisons we feel obliged to declare the winner to be the writer of the Kyrie bearing the motto "Labor ipse voluptas." This proved to be sent by

H. C. YOUNG, B.A. (Cantab),

Meadow Bank, Beckenham,

to whom a Cheque for ONE GUINEA has been forwarded.

— * * * * *

A CORRESPONDENT has sent us the following questions, requesting answers through our columns. Unfortunately the gentleman who attends to this department has gone away for a holiday and has left no address. Perhaps some of our readers can oblige?

1. Which note of the scale is called the misleading note; and why?
2. Do a major and a minor scale together make a pair of scales? If so, how would you with them determine the weight of a piece of music which is considered *heavy*?
3. Can you define a predominant seventh? How does it differ from any other sort of seventh?
4. Please give examples of the various chords of the Too-tonic sixth; also the most usual resolution of the sixth Neapolitan (iced).
5. On which degree of the scale are rheumatic chords most employed?
6. Can you easily distinguish between tonic, astrigent, and sedative discords?
7. How many species of counterpane are there? and when is a double counterpane invariably used?
8. If a double counterpane is inverted, what difference is shewn in the pattern? and in which species of counterpane is crochet-work chiefly found?

9. How does musical pitch differ from common or garden pitch? and by what sort of Tar is it mostly affected? (? Catarrh. E.D.)
10. Please describe the distracted second. Is this interval consonant or vowel? and in what respect does it differ from a lucid interval?

BIZET'S command of the pianoforte was truly astonishing. It is related that Liszt once sat down at the piano (Bizet being present) and played a new composition bristling with the most astounding difficulties, and said, when he had finished, "I know in Europe only two pianists who can play it as it is written and at the required speed—Hans von Bulow and myself." Bizet's attention was called to a particular passage, and he at once sat down and played it from memory without mistake. Liszt was astonished, and placed the manuscript on the desk. Bizet proceeded to play it through in such a manner that Liszt exclaimed, "My young friend, I believed that there were only two men capable of struggling against the difficulties of that piece, but I was deceived. We are three, and I am bound in justice to add that the youngest of the three is, perhaps, the most audacious and most brilliant."

Our next issue will contain a Portrait and Biography of Dr. G. C. Martin (Organist of S. Paul's Cathedral, Result of September Competitions, Particulars of New Competition, Articles on "Profitable Pastimes," "English *versus* Foreign Fingering," "Pretty Songs for Popular Purposes," and "The Experiences of an Organist" (held over from present issue).



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IT is interesting to enquire how it is that the North of England, and especially the counties of York and Lancaster, has the reputation of being more musical than the South. Is it from an ethnological or an educational cause that this result has been brought about, or from a combination of both? and how is it that the two counties named have attained such a pre-eminence in chorus singing, and especially in rendering the choruses of Handel, Haydn, etc.?

The ethnological cause which has undoubtedly made these counties, and the North of England generally, first and foremost in manufactures and inventions, and is so manifest in the energy and enterprise of the natives, has certainly contributed in no small degree to the zeal for the acquirement of a knowledge of music which they have for so long displayed. The inhabitants of the other parts of England, although a mixed, are, however, essentially the same race, and, like their northern brethren, lack the fiery characteristics of the Scot and the Celt. The difference in their musical attainments and their love for the Art must therefore be accounted for at least partially by their education.

Almost from his cradle a West Riding Yorkshireman has been accustomed to hear the strains of Handel, Haydn and Mozart. The mechanic in his workshop and the labourer in the field have been cheered by the melodies of Shield and other north-country composers; "The Ploughboy" and "The Thorn" are still favourite songs, and might have been heard in the winter nights from cottage and street, sung by young and old.

This knowledge and love for music has never been so marked in the South as in the North; hence the difference between them so far as regards musical attainments. So, as we may attribute this difference mainly to education, let every reader of "The Minim" use his or her best efforts to spread a knowledge of the Art which affords such pleasure and enjoyment to all.

A WINTER'S TALE; OR THE FUR-TRIMMED OVERCOAT.

Man is a gregarious animal. His action in every stage of his life bears witness to this unwritten law. In joy or sorrow, prosperity or adversity, he seeks the company of his kind. A christening, a birthday anniversary, a death, a wedding, or a funeral all afford opportunities for summoning his friends and neighbours to share in his joy or console with his sorrow, not always because he enjoys their society or finds relief in their sympathy, but often simply because he must obey the instinct of his race.

This preamble explains the cause of the following episode, and also shews the state of feeling to which I have been reduced.

The Muckleton Tennis Club (of which I am secretary and treasurer) had had a wretched season.

This was undeniable. We had tried to make the best of things, but our best was bad—very bad. The weather had had a great deal to do with it. The weather always has a great deal to do with everything. It is always meddling with other people's business. We had a damp June, a stormy July, and a dull, rainy August. In fact, so much rain fell during those three months that I looked anxiously at the papers day after day, expecting to find in them an appeal to the nation, calling upon all loyal Englishmen and Englishwomen to drink as much water as they could, for the sake of Queen and country! Indeed, we might almost have instituted a Water Drinking Corps whose sole duty should lie in drinking, and thus drying the land, only no one suggested it.

As I said before, we had had a bad season, partly the fault of the weather, partly the misfortune of the members. They seemed to have lost heart somehow, and were scattering abroad. So it came about that one day, as I was musing sadly upon our own miserable retrospect, it flashed upon me that we might have a winter gathering. A nice informal evening together would keep alive our interest in the Club *and* each other, and, in a measure, shew that we did not bear one another any malice. The idea took possession of my mind, so much so that I not only thought of it by day but dreamt of it at night! Like the Frenchman in one of Walter Besant's books, I had a great thought; it became part of myself. I lived with it. Did I sit down to a meal, it was by my side. I went for a walk, it was there too—it peeped at me over every hedgerow, twittered to me in every bird's note. I came home and tried to read, it smiled at me from every page. I was possessed by this idea. I longed to utter it, and could not, for it was not yet matured. It was unspeakable! In short, I did not know what form the gathering should take. Should it be a dance? (I can't dance

a step.) In my dreams I saw myself cantering gaily round Miss Ethel Doran—I use the term "cantering" advisedly, I think it would just describe my motions under the circumstances—who would look sweetly at me and try to make me believe I was dancing as other fellows do! In daylight I felt differently about my dancing powers. I imagined Miss Storey's (the squire's daughter) stony look should I attempt to canter round her. But putting myself out of the question, a dance seemed to be the best way of spending an evening. It gave the girls an opportunity of wearing their pretty frocks, and the fellows had a chance of being agreeable. Then another form loomed up before my mental vision, not a little fairy-like one as Miss Doran's is, nor tall and stately like Miss Storey's, but short, stout and sedate, the form of the Vicar's daughter—she who played tennis from a sense of duty as a relaxation after her study (for she was a learned young lady) and parish work, and to reduce her weight. Yes! *she* would discountenance a dance—her usual remark, "Papa would object, I am sure," being the creation of her own fertile brain. "Papa" never did object to any reasonable request or scheme, but his daughter did, and that sufficed for both. Thus I felt a dance would be an impossibility. But who could object to an old-fashioned evening party—"high tea" we called it in our country talk—with parlour games and some music afterwards? Here I should feel in my element (I am schoolmaster and organist in Muckleton). I would play the sweetest and tenderest melodies I knew, and Miss Ethel Doran would sing in the clear birdlike treble I liked so well—and of course I should accompany her—and as she stood by me to sing I should be able to watch her varying expressions, and see how she entered into the spirit of her songs—and when it was over she would thank me in her sweet way, and I should hold her hand for a second as I helped her down from the platform—and I—Ah me!

But, as I said before, an evening party would be just the thing. After our music and games the Vicar would give us a kindly, fatherly little speech, and we should go home feeling the evening had not been ill-spent. So I dreamt, but over this dream a shadow fell. I dared not incur Miss Storey's icy "I am afraid you will have to except my brother and me, for my father dislikes our absence from dinner, and besides, don't you think the idea is a little countrified?"

So idea No. 2 proved impracticable. I was somewhat in the position of the miller and his donkey in the fable. I could not please everyone. Meanwhile time was passing quickly, and if the affair was to take place this winter I must begin

to make arrangements. How could I please the vicar's party and Miss Storey's set? At length I saw a gleam of light! A *soirée*! The very thing! It's true some of the villagers would not understand, but it was nothing to do with them. A *soirée*! The very name suggested delight. A combination of my other schemes under an irreproachable title! Who could take umbrage at that? It is true I had never been to one, but I knew what a comprehensive, cosmopolitan kind of an entertainment it was, embracing every species of gathering from Sam Weller's "swarry of a boiled leg of mutton" to "the feast of reason and flow of soul" offered by the most learned of learned societies. So I felt safe!

It was surprising to see how all my ideas sorted themselves out and focussed around the magic word. I soon planned a programme, and called all the members of the club together to hear my scheme. The great attraction of the evening was to be a series of "Tableaux Vivants." (My sole experience in this way was gained when I went to a travelling waxworks show, and for the sum of one penny saw Uncle Tom, Napoleon, Robinson Crusoe, who, carefully dressed in *very* neatly stitched leather garments, seemed possessed with a desire to shoot someone—his gun made me quite nervous—the Sleeping Beauty, whose chest spasmodically heaved with a strange rattling noise akin to that made by dried peas when shaken in a paper bag, and her attendant Prince, who, when wound up, convulsively sniffed her, and Queen Elizabeth, who, by a defect in the casting of her features, seemed continually *winking* at Peace the murderer. A good pennyworth! Still, it did not help me much).

The ladies took up the idea so heartily that there was nothing left for me to do save to personate Mr. Pickwick in a group they had arranged. "Why Pickwick?" I asked. Because I wore spectacles and was so slim I should make up *beautifully*. I yielded. Oh! why did I? But I never *could* say no to a lady unless she happened to be a pupil teacher, *then* it hurt me to do my duty.

The rehearsals went on fast and furiously. Miss Ethel Doran was to be Joan of Arc, and she did it splendidly. I only wished I could feel as much at ease as Mr. Pickwick. I enjoyed all but my own part at those rehearsals; however, I generally had to see Miss Doran home, so I had some compensation. The 13th of January was fixed for the important evening. On the night before we had our last rehearsal I had a beautiful moustache; it was the only thing worth noting in my somewhat insignificant face, and it *was* a beauty, brown, soft and silky; it took me years to cultivate, and naturally I was proud of it. On this eventful evening I arrayed myself as Mr.

Pickwick, plus a moustache, only to be greeted with such a chorus of remarks and entreaties that I had then and there, in a swallow-tail coat, tight unmentionables, and a much made-up—ahem!—appearance altogether, to go to the village barber and be denuded of my ornament! I believe I am made of such stuff as martyrs are. Peals of laughter greeted me on my return, "because I looked so funny!" I daresay I did. The memory of that night will remain with me always. The 13th was dreadfully cold; we had had frost for several days, but still I was thankful it was cold, because Mr. Pickwick's get-up is not conducive to coolness in a thin fellow.

You can imagine how we decorated the school-room; the squire lent us some palms and sent some beautiful flowers; flags (4d. each) hung from the roof; fairy lights glowed here and there. The effect was very fine altogether.

I was nervously busy the whole evening. I had to "do the polite" to the visitors—and we had a good many—to see that the lonely girls were looked after, and also to keep an eye on things behind the scenes. We had a few pictures and curios on view, one or two—stethoscopes is it you call them?—no, I mean stereoscopes, but my nervous system is not yet right.

We had some of my cherished music at intervals. Miss Storey was good enough to sing an Italian aria, with a good deal of "palpiti" about it. (Palpitation would have been a better term I thought.) Miss Doran trilled out a simple little song in a way that did my ears and heart good. Then we had one or two glees from a number of the members who had placed themselves under my leadership. These were not *quite* successful. I got muddled over my beats several times, because the audible comments of the people made me nervous. They could not understand the change in my appearance. I looked *so* young! (I *felt* very young and small that evening!) I greatly missed my badge of manhood, although I thought its absence gave me rather an eccentric expression, such as became a musician. This expression had a very subduing effect on the boys in school; they seemed to think I looked business-like. Although our glees were a little bit faulty they were well clapped; everyone was in good temper with everyone else. I quite congratulated myself on the harmony that prevailed.

We had arranged for a recitation while the platform was being prepared for the tableaux. While this was going on, I noticed a big, sunburnt fellow, wrapped in a Russian-looking fur-trimmed coat, come cautiously and quietly in and take a chair at the back of the room. I wondered who he was, but soon forgot him in my efforts to arrange the faggots for Joan of Arc's burning. When the cur-

tain went up, a murmur of applause broke out. Certainly Ethel (as I called her to myself) was a perfect picture, her expression was so pure and steadfast and her upturned eyes were full of imploring; she *has* lovely eyes. I felt quite a pang when the vision was hidden from us. Next came the "Four Seasons." They would have been highly successful save for one little incident. The snow in "Winter" (best cotton-wool) came down so heavily that it weighed on the girl's eyelashes and tickled her nose. She endured for a time, but at last, becoming desperate, raised her hand and rubbed the irritated member! A burst of laughter from the audience followed. Then the girl blushed and giggled! Next came Queen Elizabeth (Miss Storey) with attendants and Sir Walter Raleigh (her hobble-de-hoy brother) casting his gay cloak on the ground for her to step upon. The Queen's bearing was most impressive, but Sir Walter giggled without intermission (I can quite understand his doing so; I should have done the same myself in his place). His sister tried to fix *him* with her stony glare, but it was futile—he was hardened to it.

I missed the next group, "United Kingdom Tea Company's Advertisement," because I was busy preparing. It took me some time to get large enough. We were to depict the finding of the stone with the inscription, "Bill Stumps his mark," only, as you know, Mr. Pickwick held learned views about the obscure meaning of those mystic signs. Just before the curtain went up I took my place in front of the stone (a piece of cardboard) in the correct black gaiters, light tights, wide expanse of figure, swallow-tailed coat, and broad-brimmed beaver and spectacles. I *was* hot. Beads stood out on my forehead. I felt so horribly uneasy about myself. Suppose I had forgotten something? What if I wanted to cough? or should I feel a strong desire to laugh? My companions, Mr. Tupman and the countryman, were grave enough, but they *did* look so comical. Why are stage countrymen unlike any others? This fellow

had hired his clothes from a theatrical costumier, and he was so elaborate that I felt quite in the background. (I had serious thoughts of retreating there.) However, the curtain was moving. I tried to counterfeit an expression of eager surprise and interest, but I believe I only succeeded in looking unhappy. A burst of laughter broke from the audience when they saw our grotesque forms. My spectacles had become misty from nervousness; as this cleared off I chanced to move my eyes cautiously towards the end of the platform where there was a curtained-off space which concealed our comings and goings. *Then* a look of "eager surprise and interest" came over my face. Great heavens! what did I see? It could not be—I looked harder—it *was*. I made a dash forward, caught my foot in the countryman's spade, which was supposed to be about to raise the stone—there happened also to be a loose board in the platform—down I went, dragging the countryman with me. Mr. Tupman muttered a naughty word, for I fell on his foot, then he too rolled over, and a shriek rose up from the curtained-off space, and "Joan of Arc" sprang from the embrace of the fur-trimmed overcoat!

* * * *

I do not know how we came off that platform, nor how the people dispersed, nor whether I walked or was driven home. I only know that the morning of the 14th January found me pacing up and down my little room, a distracted caricature of Charles Dickens' famous hero.

How can I tell the rest? You who have guessed my secret will know what I suffered. I will pass over the record of the next few days, the sarcastic reports of the local papers, the irritating enquiries of friends and enemies, my studied avoidance of everyone. My misery was *too* great. The climax to it was the announcement of Miss Ethel Doran's marriage to the foreign stranger. Their engagement, I learned afterwards, had been private.

I never even look at a fur-trimmed overcoat now.

— * * * * —

IN America they describe semibreve, minim, crotchet, etc., as "whole-note," "half-note," "quarter-note," etc. To a beginner this should be of considerable assistance in learning time values of notes, as the older names do not convey the relative values one to the other so readily as "whole," "half" and "quarter notes."

MANY of our readers are no doubt in the habit of taking *The Musical Times*, but as some possibly are not we venture to reproduce two very good anecdotes that appeared in the September number

of that journal. One is culled from the *Irish Ecclesiastical Gazette*, and relates the following conversation which took place between an English lady visiting a parish in the south of Ireland and the sexton: *Lady*—"Have you matins here every day?" *Sexton*—"Oh, no, indeed ma'am, we couldn't afford it! But I lay down a cocoa-nut matten' every *Sunday* morning." The other concerns M. de Pachmann. Some one told him that he was generally supposed to be of Hebraic descent: "Non!" said he, proudly; "my father was a cantor at Odessa, but my mother was a Turkey. I am a pianist."

PRETTY PIECES FOR SMALL CONCERTS AND PENNY READINGS.

In venturing to make some remarks bearing upon the above subject, I must in the first place explain I am simply offering a few suggestions for musical amateurs who are occasionally called upon to give their services as pianists, violinists or vocalists at small concerts, penny readings, etc., which now seem vastly on the increase in every town or village in England. It is often a matter of considerable difficulty to fix upon suitable music which will prove interesting alike to the audience and the performer; regarding this I shall have a little to say, but necessarily in a somewhat sketchy manner. The first and most important consideration should always be the class of audience you are expected to interest. I need scarcely say that this is a matter which is often overlooked, and, consequently, the result is a failure. What we term "high-class music" as a rule (not, perhaps, without exception) would be unappreciated at a penny reading in a country village. As a rule, these audiences like tunes with which they are acquainted, or else music which is tuneful and melodious, rather than that which is more complicated and dependent upon an educated musical taste. The following lists may prove useful for the purpose:—

PIANOFORTE.

Godfrey's Reminiscences of either "England," "Scotland" or "Ireland," which are popular selections, introducing a number of well-known airs effectively arranged, either as solos or, better still, duets. These serve well to open or close a concert: Mattei's "O, dear, what can the matter be?" Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith," Thalberg's

"Home, sweet home," Cellier's "Danse Pompeuse," Handel's Gavotte in B flat (arranged by De Sivrai), German's Three Dances from "Henry VIII" (solos or duets).

FOR VIOLIN AND PIANO.

Simonetti's "Danse Villageoise," Mascagni's Intermezzo (Cavalleria Rusticana), Martini's Gavotte, No. 10, Ries' Album-Blatter, Thomé's "Simple Aveu."

SONGS.

Gentlemen.—"Admiral Tom," "Admiral's Broom," "Stand fast" (Old 17th century Air, arranged by Waddington Cooke), "Vicar of Bray" "Sir Roger" (Cobb), "Phelim's Wake" (Roeckel). Ladies.—"Children's Home" (Cowen), "Irish Piper" (Molloy), "Rory Darlin'" (Hope Temple), "Children of the City" (Adams), "When Love was a Little Boy" (Scott Gatty), "Ashore" (Trotère).

These are only just a slight indication of music likely to please; they will doubtless suggest to my readers many others equally suitable. It is to be regretted that these entertainments should constantly be lowered in character by the introduction of music-hall songs; one hesitates to condemn them as a whole, but the greater part (with a few notable exceptions, as Chevalier's songs, &c.) are aimless as well as brainless, with scarce any genuine fun or wit in them. There is no lack of humorous songs to be met with of the "Longshoreman" type far better for the purpose, but the programme should not contain too much of the comic element, but introduce a light song occasionally to relieve others of a more serious character.



IN M. Fouque's biographical study of the Russian composer Glinka, he quotes the opinion given by another distinguished Frenchman of the extraordinary basses in the Russian Imperial choir at the time he was in that country. After referring to the custom in the Greek Church of prohibiting any instrument in its services, he says: "The singers of the Emperor's chapel sing no other music than that of ritual, and consequently are able to perform, unaccompanied, with a justness of intonation almost beyond belief. But that which makes the effect unique is the nature of the bass voices, which have a compass that doubles the ordinary bass voice an octave below, producing an extraordinary result. . . The first time I heard this choir I experienced an emotion never felt before, and found myself in tears at the first bar of the piece; then when the *allegro* came with its ani-

mated motion, and these thundering voices opened all the artillery of their lungs, I felt myself shivering and covered with a cold sweat. Never did the most formidable orchestra produce such a strange sensation—one altogether different from any that I believed music could effect."

THE following anecdote is contributed by one who overheard it at a well-known church in the suburbs. Scene:—Choir practice. Music for 24th day is being rehearsed. Weather hot and muggy, after a peculiarly "greasy" day in town. David (*log.*), reading Latin heading in Psalter over a portion of his namesake's 119th Psalm: "H'm, 'Adhasit pavimento.' Well, the old chap could not have expressed it better. That's just what I've been doing all day long in the City!"

PRIZE COMPETITION.—No. 8.

The following letters, when properly arranged, comprise the title of a well-known work and the composer's name. Competitors are required to give:—

1. The title and composer's name.
2. The year when first performed, and for whom written.
3. The greatest number of *English* words that they can make out of the 20 letters; no word to contain less than three letters.

In the event of two or more Competitors sending correct answers to Nos. 1 and 2, and making the same number of words as each other, preference will be given to the Competitor whose envelope is the first opened.

The following rules must be strictly adhered to:—

1. The Coupon below must be filled in and returned to our London Office, 84 Newgate Street,

not later than October 20th, the outside of the envelope being marked "Competition."

2. The Competition is free to all who send in their replies with the attached Coupon, whether Subscribers or not.

3. In the envelope must also be enclosed another *sealed envelope*, containing on the *outside* the motto chosen by the Competitor (and which also appears on the Coupon), and *inside*, the name and address of the Competitor, but *not* the Coupon.

COMPETITION.—No. 8.

A A A A A C D D E E G H I L L N N T S

Motto _____

— * * * * *

CORRESPONDENCE.

"There are few thoughts likely to come across ordinary men which have not already been expressed by greater men in the best possible way; and it is a wiser, more generous, more noble thing to remember and point out the perfect words than to invent poorer ones wherewith to encumber the world."—RUSKIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE MINIM."

SIR,—As an old subscriber perhaps I may be allowed to call attention to the words of Mr. Ruskin quoted at the head of this letter, and to the exemplification of the truth of his words by the paragraph of Mr. Browning adopted by "The Minim" as its motto:—"Go deep enough there is music everywhere."

Short, pithy, excellent and full of meaning as this motto is, I desire to point out that Shakespeare was beforehand with the sentiment by about 300 years. Did he not put into the mouth of Lorenzo the eloquent speech expressing in language of incomparable felicity the same beautiful truth?

BROWNING.

Go deep enough, there is
music everywhere.

SHAKESPEARE.

There's not the smallest orb
which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel
sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed
cherubims:
Such harmony is in immortal
souls;
But, whilst this muddy vesture
of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we
cannot hear it.

You are good enough to invite contributions from your subscribers, so no doubt you will excuse this criticism of your motto; it has been written in no unfriendly spirit but simply with the wish that this trivial comparison of Browning and Shakespeare's thoughts may perhaps interest your readers. I hope I need make but little apology for troubling you with this letter, and holding your excellent little paper in great admiration,

I remain, yours very truly,

"AN OLD BOY."

[Our Correspondent in the hopeless endeavour to compare "Mr." Browning with Shakespeare (to the former's disadvantage) has made a blunder we should have thought it impossible for a reader of Browning, Shakespeare and Ruskin to make. Perhaps, however, he is only familiar with quotations. Our motto is by Thomas Carlyle !]

FROM THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

"Leigh Hunt when I knew him, which was when he was between sixty and seventy," says Mr. F. H. Grundy, "would 'take a fancy,' and indulge freely night after night in a thoroughly indigestible supper of anything which accident or circumstance might have suggested, from corned beef to Welsh rarebit or Scotch porridge, recommending it eagerly as the most wholesome of eatable things; then, after a week or so of indulgence, he would have brought on a fit of indigestion, upon which he would abuse the innocent, the indigestible, cause of his illness, 'up hill and down dale.' When better he would adopt something else, with similar 'praise, blame and result.' The following interviews are given as nearly verbatim as I can remember them after this lapse of time. Call the time Wednesday evening at nine p.m. Scene, the drawing-room at Kensington; Leigh Hunt seated by himself at a table; on table, white cloth and tray; on the tray, three eggs boiled hard, salt, butter, pepper and bread. To him enter myself. Leigh Hunt, loq.: 'Ha! how are you? I am eating my supper, you see. Do you eat supper? If you do, take my advice, and have regularly every night, at nine o'clock precisely, three eggs boiled hard, with bread and butter. I have had them now every evening for five nights, and there is not, I assure you, anything more wholesome for supper. One sleeps so soundly, too,' &c. Next scene, Friday, time and circumstances as before, save that the condiment under present consideration is a Welsh rarebit, with mustard, &c. I enter. Hunt, to me: 'Ha! how are you? Have you seen Vincent? I am just getting supper, you see. Do you ever eat supper? If you do, I pray you, never take boiled eggs; they are, without any exception, the most indigestible, nightmare-producing, &c. They have nearly killed me. No; the lightest and most palatable supper I have ever taken is a Welsh rarebit, with some Scotch ale. This is the second day I have taken it, and I do assure you,' &c. On Monday next it would be liver and bacon, or what you will. His longest love in my time was his old love, dried fruit, bread and water—his Italian memory. Leigh Hunt's inability to appreciate the comparative value of moneys was well known. It was real, not affected. I have seen it myself more than once. For that, his conversation, and his brilliant touch on the piano, was he best known socially. I am a staunch admirer of Dickens, but I cannot waver in my belief that Leigh Hunt was the model of 'Horace Skimpole'—at least, until that lightsome individual began to exhibit his darker shades. The similarity is too marked in more things than can be mentioned here. I know that Dickens denied this, and that there is nothing

more to be said; but the very first time I read the very first number of 'Bleak House,' which describes Skimpole, I said, 'There is Leigh Hunt!' Who does not know of the money uselessness, the splendid touch on the piano—especially little sparkling things, as 'Come unto these yellow sands,' a great favourite of his—the hothouse peaches on the table, and the bailiffs outside? As to the money, I think it is Mr. G. H. Lewes who told the story of Leigh Hunt being unable to pay a debt of three shillings and sixpence because he had but half-crowns and shillings in his possession. But I have a better story than that—at least, as good a one, happening partly in my own hearing, and I can therefore vouch for its truth. During the greater part of Vincent's last illness he was staying with me, a little way out of town down the river, and his father came from time to time to see him. One afternoon Leigh Hunt drove up to the door in a hansom. I met him at the door, where he was beaming benevolently at the cabman, who was beaming too. Says Leigh Hunt, after the usual salutations, 'Fine fellow, that!' I ask how, for neither man, cab, horse, nor harness seemed particularly 'fine.' 'Well,' says Leigh Hunt, 'I found him returning from Hammersmith, and he said as an empty he would take me for half fare' (the whole fare was about three shillings), 'so I told him to drive on. He drove nicely and steadily, and now, when I asked him his fare, he left it to my honour. You know, nothing could be fairer than that; so I said I was sorry to say that I had only two half-sovereigns in my pocket: would one of them do? I could give him that, and if not enough he could call at so-and-so, or I could borrow it from you. Oh, that would do, he said; he would not trouble you. He took it, thanked me, and was getting on to his cab, when I stopped him to say that I was pleased with him, and that I should be returning about nine to-night, when, if he liked, he might come for me and receive the same fare back. He said he would; but now he has driven away so suddenly, as you opened the door, that I hardly know what to think.'"

The liturgy of the Church of England and the cathedral service were abolished in 1643; the church books were destroyed, the organs taken down, and the organists and singers belonging to the churches turned out of their places. Nothing was allowed in the churches but the psalmody of the Presbyterians; and, as the gloomy fanaticism of the Puritans prescribed every sort of light and profane music as a pastime or amusement, the art, for a time, may be said to have been banished from the land. Cromwell himself, however, was

fond of music, and frequently indulged himself in hearing it. When the organ at Magdalen College, Oxford, was taken down, he ordered it to be conveyed to Hampton Court, where it was placed in the great gallery; and one of his favourite amusements was hearing it played upon. It was carried back to its original place after the Restoration.

The first book in which musical characters were known to have been printed in England was Higden's "Polychronicon," the production of Wynken de Worde in the year 1495, some eighteen years after the introduction of the art into this country.

While Charles II was sojourning in Scotland, before the battle of Worcester, his chief confidant and associate was the Laird of Cockpen, called by the nick-naming fashion of the times "Blythe Cockpen." He followed Charles to the Hague, and by his skill in playing Scottish tunes, and his sagacity and wit, much delighted the merry monarch. Charles' favourite air was "Brose and Butter." It was played to him when he went to bed, and he was awakened by it. At the Restoration, however, Blythe Cockpen shared the fate of many other of the royal adherents; he was forgotten, and wandered upon the lands he once

owned in Scotland, poor and unfriended. His letters to the Court were unrepresented or disregarded, till, wearied and incensed, he travelled to London; but his mean garb not suiting the rich doublets of Court, he was not allowed to approach the Royal Presence. At length he ingratiated himself with the king's organist, who was so enraptured with Cockpen's wit and powers of music that he requested him to play on the organ before the king at divine service. His exquisite skill did not attract his Majesty's notice till, at the close of the service, instead of the usual tune, he struck up "Brose and Butter," with all its energetic merriment. In a moment the royal organist was ordered into the king's presence. "My liege, it was not I! it was not I!" he cried, and dropped upon his knees. "You!" cried his Majesty, in a rapture—"you could never play it in your life. Where's the man? Let me see him." Cockpen presented himself on his knees. "Ah! Cockpen, is that you? Lord, man, I was like to dance coming out of the church!" "I once danced too," said Cockpen, "but that was when I had land of my own to dance on." "Come with me," said Charles, taking him by the hand; "you shall dance to 'Brose and Butter' on your own lands again, to the nineteenth generation;" and, as far as he could, the king kept his promise.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. B. G.—There is some divergence of opinion as to the precise "form" of the Anglican chant, seven-bar phrases are certainly somewhat rare; but you rather beg the question by asking "how is it that the seven-bar phrase of Anglican chant has such a satisfactory effect?" Familiarity with any peculiarity, if such it be, will by itself often completely remove its appearance, and such may be one reason why an Anglican chant's apparently irregular form sounds satisfactory. A more probable and scientific explanation is that through the employment both of measured and unmeasured music one's sense of rhythm is not materially brought into play. The chant therefore comes not under the rules governing rhythm generally, being a combination of recitation with music having regular accents.

MOZART.—There is no monument over the grave, for the simple reason that no one knows exactly where it is.

STUDENT.—Several of Mrs. C. A. Webster's elementary handbooks are to be had which would suit your purpose, being clear and practical.

A. R. C. O.—Go to a good coach; there are plenty of the other sort about, so be wise in your selection. You are not the first by a good many who has discovered too late that he has wasted his money on incompetent pretenders.

DIAPASON.—A thirty-two foot stop would be far more useful and effective than a Trombone, especially if your church is a good one for sound.

DISHEARTENED.—The *Technicon* contains a special appliance for widening the stretch between the several fingers; but we have no particular faith in any mechanical appliances, unless very carefully used and thoroughly understood. Some persons' tendons are much more unyielding than others, but at your age we should think you have only to persevere. As a matter of fact you may be exaggerating the importance of a long stretch between the thumb and first finger. There are many excellent players whose stretch there is no more than yours. The writer's own stretch from thumb to first finger is the same as you mention, and with perseverance, other things being equal, you may in time play as well.

H. H.—Your success as a vocalist will depend on the quality of your voice, not on its compass. If nature has created you a bass, you can't become a tenor, any more than a tall man can at will become a short one. The best thing you can do at first is to join a church or chapel choir; then, later, take lessons from the best singing master available.

N.B.—Correspondents desiring replies in the ensuing month's issue must forward their queries before the 15th of each month. If a "nom-de-plume" is used, the writer's real name and address must be in all cases added.

Contributors of articles for insertion must always forward stamps to return their MSS.: if unavailable.



